

Filling in the Blanks of Digestivo

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by [anabridge](#)

Summary

What happens after Hannibal carries Will to his home in Wolf Trap.

Notes

You can find more Hannigram angst on my Twitter [@hannabitchwill](#)

Hannibal's back *aches* as the seared, branded circle on his back resists his steady pace across Will's front yard. The pain is barely noticeable as Hannibal's thoughts remained trained on the unconscious state of the man he holds tenderly in his arms.

Once inside, he places his mongoose on the bed before working to quickly find warm clothes and turning on the home's heating system.

The pale moonlight bounces on Will's bare chest as Hannibal gently pulls on a warm shirt for him to wear. But before he can pull it down, Hannibal catches a glimpse of the deep, jagged scar across Will's lower abdomen. For a brief moment, Hannibal allows himself to enter that heartbreaking room of his mind palace.

Flashes of Abigail gasping for air and Will clutching him for balance flicker through his mind. The pain of these memories strikes him so much more deeply than the fresh brand seared on his back.

Hannibal opens his eyes once more to see that he has subconsciously fisted a hand in Will's shirt. Even while in the deep recesses of his mind, he aches for this man and this man alone. Hannibal's other hand strokes lightly through the curls on the back of Will's head.

Sighing deeply, he rests his forehead against the crusted bloodstained line above Will's brow that he etched with the bone saw. He hums with appreciation at the beauty of the man in front of him, understanding why Mason would have wanted such a stunning face like his dear Will's.

Before he can force himself to step back from Will's unconscious frame, Hannibal can't help but resist tracing one finger along the soft lips in front of him. The lips of a beautiful, striking red mouth that is still stained with Cordell's blood.

As Hannibal tucks Will below the sheets, he envisions the two of them sipping warm drinks on the balcony of an apartment in Florence. Alas, his desperate thoughts about traveling through Europe with Will must wait. Hannibal knows he must be patient with this unpredictable man he cannot seem to live without.

The early morning streaks of sunlight filter through the window as Hannibal quietly strokes his pen across the notepad, calculating the ways in which he could save both Will and himself from the chasm he feels growing between them.

He hears rustling on the bed. Hope glints in his eyes as Hannibal looks up expectantly from his notebook.

Finally, Will opens his eyes.

Not one of the many memories that circle through his mind palace could prepare Hannibal for the pain that this conversation would bring him. Pain that would far surpass the torture of a thousand Verger seals being pressed into his skin.

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